By DAVENPORT & BOBYNS.

CHILDREN'S CORNER. COUNTIES OF IOWA.

Our home is in Iowa Westward toward the setting sun; Just between two mighty rivers, Where the crystal waters run.

It has towns and it has cities, It has many noble streams, It has just ninety-nine count And we'll now repeat their names

Lyon, Osceola, Dickinson, Where Spirit lake you see, Emmet, also Winnebago, Worth is near lake Albert Lea.

Mitchell, Howard, Winneshiek, And Allamakee so fice, Make eleven counties On the Minnesota line.

Clayton, Dubuque, Jackson, Clinton, Together with Scott and Muscatine, Lee, Louiss and Des Moines, On the eastern side are seen.

Van Buren, Davis, Appanoose, Decatur, Ringgold, Wayne we spy; Taylor, Page and Fremont, On the Missouri border lie

Pottawattamie, Harrison, Mills, Monona, Woodbury, Plymouth, Sloux, Are all the countles that around The borders of our state we view.

Next we name Kossuth, O'Brien, Palo Alto, Clay, Hancock, Cerro Gordo, Floyd, Then see Chickasaw, I pray.

Fayette, Bremer, Butler, Franklin, Next upon the map we see, Wright and Humboldt, Pocahontas Ruena Vista, Cherokee. Ida, Sac, Calboun, Webster,

Hamilton with name so rare, Next is Hardin, Grundy, Blackhawk, Then Buchanan, Delaware. Jones, Linn, Benton, Tama, Marshall,

Story, Crawford, Carroll, Boone Let us not your patience weary, We will have them all too soon Cedar, Greene, Johnson, Iowa And Powesbiek by the same:

Next to Jasper, Pelk and Dallas. Next to names of presidential fame Guthrie, Audubon and Shelby, Cass and Madison, Adair,

Warren, Marion and Mahasks Jefferson and Keokuk are there. Wapello, Monroe, Washington,

Lucas, Ciarke, Union, Adams, Montgomery fills the list.

Two Gardens and What Grew in Them.

BY LILIAN F. WELLS "Oh dear!" sighed Margie, "how I

wish we had a garden!" "So do I," chimed in Theo, jumping up from the floor, where he had been putting together a dissected map of the United States. "I'd have a bed all my own_"

"You've got one now," interrupted Margie, laughing.

"Oh, you know I don't mean that kind!" returned Theo, in great disgust. It was a rainy Saturday, and the children were amusing themselves in the cosy nursery. Their mother sat by the window sewing, and keeping her foot on the rocker of baby Archie's cradle. She sighed a little at what the children had said, for she, too, would have been very glad to have a garden. But, pres-

she had had a thought that pleased her. "Children," said she, " you can each have a little garden if you want to. Oh, be careful, don't wake baby ! and don't be too much delighted, for you may not like my plan so well as you think. Do you remember what Mr. Dunbar said in his sermon last Sunday morning about our hearts being like gardens, and our good and bad actions like flowers and weeds? You know we talked about it afterward."

"Ob, pshaw, mamma! I thought we were going to have some fur," cried disappointed Theo.

"Wait, dear, you're too impatient," said Mrs. Dickson, "I haven't finished yet. This is what I had thought of. Suppose you and Margie call next week your garden, and each day a bed. All that you do and say will be seeds that you plant in each bed as you come to it. I will make each of you a little blank book, and every night, before you go to bed, you can write down what kind of seeds you have planted, so that at the end of a week you can tell what kind of a crop you'll have. How do you like the plan ?"

"Oh, it will be lots of fun!" said

Theo. "The things you think of for us to do always are, mamma," added Margie. "How soon will you make the books,

mamma?" asked Theo, eagerly. "Just as soon as I sew on three more

That was soon done, and then Mrs. Dickson folded two sheets of foolscap paper three times, took several stitches in the back, and cut them so as to make two little books of sixteen pages each. The covers were made of blue cardboard, both a strip; a gilt paper down the packs and around the edges, and the names "Margie" and "Theo" cut out in gilt letters and pasted on. Mrs. Dickson hoped to teach the two chil-Gren a lesson that they would remem ber and she knew that they would take more interest in their books if she made

them as pretty as possible. "Now children," said Mrs. Dickson when the books were finished, handing one to each of them, "I want you to feel that this is not only a new kind of | ing about. play, but a very serious matter. I want your whole lives to be like gardens of beautiful flowers, and delicious fruit, and useful vegetables, so that lot of apples she dropped. Went down when the Saviour comes at the last day to A --- Street for papa when I wanted you won't be airaid to have him see your to play ball with the boys .- Bad seeds: crops, and so that he will smile, and Don't know of any. Oh, yes! I pricked

him say that? But you know Satan stay in at recess. will keep near you all the time, trying to make you put in a bad seed instead of a good one. And no one but Jesus can make you strong enough to say, 'No. I won't plant bad seed, and I will plant good ones!' So every morning when you say your prayers, be sure you ask the dear Lord to keep close beside you, too, and not let the tempter conquer you. And when you know Satan is trying to make you sow bad seed, just think to ask Jesus to help you sow

good ones, and he will." As the next week passed, the children took out their little books every night just before bed-time, and Mrs. Dickson found it very interesting to watch their faces as they wrote, for from the expressions they wore at night she could make very good guesses as to what kind of seed they had planted during the day. But they said nothing about it, nor did either of them know what the other wrote, until Saturday night, when they brought their books to their mother for her to read. Mrs. Dickson looked from one to the other with a smile, and asked.

"Well, how do you like gardening?" "I like it, and I don't like it," replied

"It's so hard to think, mamma, when you flare up all of a sudden," sighed Margie. "I'm afraid Jesus wouldn't smile on my crop; that is, on a good deal of it."

"Let us see what the books say," said Mrs. Dickson, taking up Margie's, and beginning to read aloud. I will not give the spelling and puncuation just as they were, for I am afraid some might laugh at Margie and Theo, and I don't want any one to do that.

"Sunday .- Good seeds: I went to for me."-S. S. Times. church this morning, and tried to listen to every word of the sermon. I had a good Sunday school lesson, and my teacher gave me a card. I was good to Theo all the afternoon, and I learned three Bible verses .- Bad seeds: I tors and actresses take the most pleasthought about my new hat when Jenny Dudley came into church, for it is ever so much prettier than hers. I thought it was too bad I couldn't have a ring dress. Moreover, they usually bring a and marked. The work is now comike Edith Stone's.

"Monday-Good seeds: I did an errand for mamma before I went to school, and didn't fret because I wanted to play. I lent Jenny my new slatepencil. I knew she'd break it, and she | red face takes black, and they know it. did. I didn't cry when mamma wouldn't | Then they do not load themselves down let me go over to Jenny's after school, because she wanted me to amuse Archie.-Bad seeds: I was mad when Jenny broke my pencil, and said I shouldn't lend her another as long as I lived. Katie Nelson ran against me, and bumped my head, and I called her a mean, hateful thing.

"Tuesday .- Good seeds: I didn't do any very good things to-day.-Bad seeds: Nor any bad ones, either.

"Wednesday. - Good seeds: I planted one very good seed to-day, and one uite bad one. I gave Nora Flannigan -she's an Irish girl with red hair and horrid freckles-the whole of my lunch, because her mother had taken all their money to pay the rent, and Norah hadn't had any breakfast but a piece of bread. I lent Jenny my red lead-pencil, and she broke off the nice sharp point, ently, she looked up with a smile, as it but I didn't say a word .- Bad seeds: Kate Nelson made fun of me because I spelt mucilage, 'mewsilage,' and I was so mad I pushed her real hard, and she fell down in the mud, and I ran away and didn't say I was sorry.

"Thursday.-Good seeds: I stayed in at recess, and helped Katie do her examples, to make up for pushing her down yesterday, and I knew the girls were having lots of fun playing ' duckey daddles,' out in the play ground. I played with Archie two hours, and didn't look out the window once, to see what fun the girls were having on the pavement. -Bad seeds: I quarrelled with Theo about the maps Miss Eliot told us to draw. I cried, because mamma wouldn't let me go to Jenny's

"Friday.-Good seeds: I stayed in the house, because my throat was sore, and didn't fret about taking medicine. I amused Archie ever so long.—Bad seeds: I can't think of any, unless tensing Theo because he says 'vingedar' instead of 'vinegar' is one.

"Saturday .- Uncle Alfred took The and me to Central Park to-day, so I just had lots of tun, and I can't think of any seeds at all."

Mrs. Dickson laid down Margie's book, and took up Theo's, going on with her reading.

"Sunday .- Good seeds: Didn't s. a word because we had custard pie in stead of mince, for dinner. Let Archie take my transparent slate .-- Bad secds Went to sleep in the middle of the sermon. Tried to make Ed. Nelson 3 3ugh in Sunday school.

"Monday. -Good seeds: Can't think of any .- Bad seeds: Threw paper-balls and history. As regards coffee, it seems in school twice. Said 'Confound it,' even to have found a place in England and some other words that machina during the reigns of Elizabeth and the thinks aren't nice.

"Tuesday .- Good seeds: Lent my new knife. Lent my ball. Held my tongue when Tom Gaskell called me ' mammy's good little boy.'--Bad seeds: Was mad ecause papa wouldn't let me go to the theatre with Ed. and his brother.

"Wednesday .-- Good seeds: Guess I didn't sow any .- Bad seeds: Haven't sowed any of these, either, worth writ-

"Thursday .- Good seeds: Let Gus take my velocipede when I wanted it myself. Helped a little girl pick up a

"Friday .- Good seeds: Don't remember any special ones.—Bad seeds: Was cross because we had rice pudding for dinner. Was real mean to Margie. Scolded Archie for getting my new ball all wet.

"Saturday .- Good seeds: Went to the Park with Uncle Alfred, and had a splendid time, but don't remember doing anything good except giving away ten cents papa gave me. - Bad seeds: Made a little dog bark, and scared a pretty little girl.

Mrs. Dickson wanted to laugh and cry at the same time over the two lists of sins and virtues. She did neither, however, but laying down the book atter she finished reading, taking a hand of each of the children, and looking trom one to the other with a smile, she

"So my little gardeners aren't very well satisfied with their week's crop.' "No mamma!" they both answered. "I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Dickson,

it will help you to do better next time. But don't you think the keeping account has done you good?" "I do," said Margie, decidedly You see, mamma, before I just lived through the days, and went to bed, without thinking much about 'em. But writing in my book I had to remem-

ber, you know, and some things I felt glad of, and some things made me ever so 'shamed. Two or three times I was just going to get mad at one of the girls, when I happened to think I'd have to write about it at night, and then I asked Jesus to help me, and by that

time I was all over being mad." "I can't talk like Margie," said Theo, but I think it's been a first-rate thing

Dressing for a Photograph.

New York Sun. "The question is often asked," said an experienced photographer, "why acing pictures. It is because they study laces, and sometimes costumes to give

the photographer a choice of accesso-

ries. They come when they are wholly at leisure and are not flustrated. A goods. Few persons know how to dress to sit for a photograph are such as will fold or drape nicely, like reps, winceys, poplins, satins, and silks. Lavender, lilac, sky blue, purple and French blue take very light and are worse for a rose pink, magenta, crimson, pea green, ered that the buff, plum color, dark purple, pure yel- COMMONLY RECEIVED BOUNDARY LINE w. Mazarine blue, navy blue, fawn oclor, Quaker color, dove color, ashes of roses and stone color show a pretty feet south of the forty-ninth parallel, ight gray in the photograph. Scarlet claret, garnet, sea green, light orange, eather color, light Bismarck, and slate color take still darker and are excellent colors to photograph. Cherry, wine color, light apple-green, Metternich green, dark apple-green, bottle-green, dark orange, golden and red brown show nearly the same agreeable color in the picture. A black silk always looks well and it takes well if not bedecked with ribbons and laces that will take white. Dark Bismarck and snuff brown usually take blacker than a black silk or satin and are not easy to drape. A silk, because it has more gloss and reflects more light, usually takes lighter than a woolen dress. Ladies with dark or brown hair should avoid contrasts in their costumes, as light substances photograph more quickly than dark, and ladies with light hair should dress in something lighter than those whose hair is dark or brown. Few ladies understand how to arrange their hair so as to harmonize with the form of the head, but blindly follow the fashion, be the neck long or short, or the face narrow or broad. A broad face appears more so if the hair is arranged low over the forehead or is parted at the side, and a long neck becomes storklike when the hair is built up high, while a few curls would make a most agreeable change in the effect. Powdered hair gives good effect, and powder should be

pestowed upon freckles."

We all drink coffee, and yet probably iew of us know or are curious to learn how and when this popular beverage truncated pyramid, 8 feet high, 8 inches came into use. But, as in the case of other things in general demand for the table, it is worth while to have some acquitance with their introcuction the bo tom an octagonal flange one inch first James-reigns so prolific in discovery and so marked additions to what we eat and drink. It had been heard of, for Lord Bacon, in a passage which Dr. Johnson quoted in his dictionary, says: "They have in Turkey a drink called coffee, made of a berry of the same name, as black as soot and of a strong scent, but not aromatical, which they take beaten into powder, in water, as hot as they can drink it. This drink comforteth thes brain and heart and helpeth digestion." The earliest account of its actual use in this country is said to be that given by Anthony A. Wood, who tells us that "one Nathaniel Canopius, a native of Crete, and ground painted red to prevent swelling two, or an old buckle or brooch, shinresident in Balliol College Oxford, and shrinking. These posts do very

vants! Wouldn't you be glad to have say 'Ow!' right out, and so I had to habit of using a beverage called "cof- for fuel, and nothing but iron will last on a family that has tucked away in cients of the house declared, that was ever drank in Oxon." We learn from the same author that, "in 1650, Jacob, a Jew, opened a coffey-house at the Angle, in the parish of St. Peter-in-the East, Oxon, and there it was, by some who delighted in noveltie. drank. In 1624 Cirques Jobson, a Jewand a Jacobite, born near Mount Libanus, sold coffey in Oxon; and in 1955 Anthur Tillyard, apothecary, sold coffey publicly in his house against All Soules' College. The coffey-house continued till His Majestic's returne and after, and became more frequent and nad an excise put upon coffey." An English work, based upon Beckmann,s "History of Inventions," mentions some of the preceding details, and adds, from "A New View of London," published in 1708, the record that "one James Farr, a barber, who kept the coffee-house which is now The Rainbow, by the Inner Temple Gate, one of the oldest in England, was, in the yeare 1767, presented by as were their elders. No party, ball, the inquest of St. Dunstan's in-the-West 'for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, to the great nuisance and prejudice of the neighborhood.' Who could then have thought London would ever have had near three thousand such nuisances, and that coffee would have been, as now, so much drank by the best of quality and physician?" It is further stated that the first-mentioned coffee in our statue books occurs in the year of the restoration of King Charles II., 1660; but this proves how rapid and great had been increase in its consumption. There is husband's fortune, and even her honor, ample evidence of its having been in

Our Northern Boundary.

just mentioned.

Not one in a thousand, perhaps, of the 50,000,000 of people living in the United States know how their country is bounded on the line between the United States and the British Territory. the principles of art and good taste in It will be interesting, therefore, to know their profession and understand how to how the Northern boundary is traced selection of veils, flowers, curls, braids, pleted, except as to the Territory of Alaska, ceded by Russia to us under the treaty of 1867. Ever since the treaty of Ghent we have been establishing our Northern boundary with Great Britain, until a year or two ago, when the work was finally completed by a joint comwith gegaws and haberdasheries, to mission consisting of Major Donald R. show all that they have got in worldly Cameron, royal artillery; Captain S. Anderson, royal engineer, for Great for a picture like an actress. The best Britain, and Archibald Campbell and materials for ladies to wear when about Captain J. Twinning, United States army, for our government. The commissioners experienced difficulty in discharging their duties, from the errors committed by former commissioners. In April, 1870, while engaged in locatpicture than pure white. Corn color ing a military reservation for a post and salmon are better. China pink, near Pembina, our engineers discov-

between the British possessions and the United States at that place was 4.700 and if run on west from such an initial point, would throw the fort of the Hudson Bay Company at Pembina into the Unit d States. Here was indeed a difficulty, and the officers at once communicated the facts to their government. and requested the consent of the United States to occupy the fort of the Hudson Bay Company until the matter could be determined. Of course, such a reasonable request was at once granted. The President then sent a message to Congress, recommending the establishment of a joint commission to fix the true boundary line between the two countries, and Congress assisted, appropriating \$100,000 by joint resolution carry on the work. The appropriation was not available until 1872, when the work was begun, as above stated, by a joint commission of the two governments. The northern boundary is MARKED BY STONE CAIRNS.

iron pillars, wood pillars, earth mounds and timber posts. A stone cairn is 7 feet by 8 feet, an earth mound 7 feet by 14 feet, an iron pillar 8 feet high, inches square at the bottom, and inches at the top, timber posts 5 feet high and 8 inches square. There are 382 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. That portion of the boundary which lies east and west of the Red River valley is marked by iron pillars at even mile intervals. The British placed one every two miles, and the United States one between each British post. Our pillars or markers were made at Detroit, Mich. They are hollow iron castings three eigz ths of an inch in thickness, in the form of a square at the bottom and 4 inches at the top, as before stated. They have at the top a solid pyramid cap and at in thickness. Upon the opposite faces are cast in letters two inches high the

inscriptions, "CONVENTION OF LONDON" and Oct. 20, 1818." The inscriptions begin about 4 feet 6 inches above the base, and read upward. The interiors of the hollow posts are filled with well seasoned cedar posts, sawed to fit, and securely spiked through spike holes cast in the pillars for the purpose. The average weight of each pillar when com pleted is eighty-five pounds. The pillars are all set four feet in the ground, with their inscription faces to the north and south, and the earth is well settled and stamped about them. For the wooden posts well-seasoned logs are selected, and the portion above the say, Well done, good and faithful ser- Ed. with a pin in school, and made him which he quitted in 1650, was in the well, but the Indians cut them down somewhere in that house he will come great.

fey,' which he prepared for himself, very long. Where the line crosses some closet a little box of old silver being the first of that kind, as the anlakes, monuments of stones have been that they will sell. Often they are built, the bases being in some places workers in silver in a small way; have tops projecting eight feet above the tiny work-room opening out behind, lake's surface at high water mark. In where they make thin silver spoons forests the line is marked by felling the with twisted handles, and brooches timber a rod wide and clearing the un- with dangling disks and crosses, such derbrush. The work of cutting through as all the peasant women wear to-day, the timbered swamps was very great, and a hundred years hence their grandbut it has been well done and the boundary distinctly marked by the commissioners the whole distance from Michigan to Alaska.

Origin of the Blue Stockings.

1750-The passion for gambling was at this period at its hight, and in the great world-as it is called-people seem to have no other object in life than to meet every evening to shuffle cards and to win or lose money. Nor was the passion confined to men and dowagers; young woman-mere girls-were as deeply infatuated by the vile pursuit or assembly would have been tolerated or attended unless accommodation had been provided for the indulgence of this vice; as an instance in the Duke of Richmond's house there were always 18 card-tables set for the amusement of his guests; the only conversation heard was the jargon of the different games, and disputes between partners and opponents as to the correctness or incorreetness of the play; men would gamble away their patrimonies and fall from wealth to poverty in a single night, and a woman would stake her jewels, her upon the cut of a card. Instead, howcommon use very soon after the date ever, of tollowing the tashion, Mrs. Montague and a few friends, Miss Boscawen and Mrs. Vesey, who, like herself, were untainted by this wolfish passion, resolved to make a stand against the universal tyranny of a custom which absorbed the life and leisure of the rich to the exclusion of all intellectual enjoyment, and, borrowing the idea from the Parisian salons of Mme. du Deffand, Mme. l'Espinasse, and their rivals and imitators, to found a society in which conversation should supersede cards.

> This was about the year 1750. How hese assemblies first came to be called Blue-stockings" has been variously explained. One anecdote relates how Mrs. Vesey, one of the principal ladies of the movement, having met Mr. Stillngfleet at bath, invited him to one of these reunions, then just being established. This gentleman, who was noted for the unfashionable carelessness of his dress, objected that he was not in the habit of appearing in proper equipments for evening parties. "Oh never mind," said the lady," come as you are in your blue stockings." To this, as an addendum we must add a paragraph from Boswell, which completes the anecdote. "One of the most eminent of the members of these societies was a Mr. Stillingfleet (a grandson of the Bishop), whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, and his absence was felt so great a loss, that it used to be said: 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings," and thus by degrees the title was e tablished. Forbes, in his "Life of Beattie," gives a similar derivation of the title, and urther informs us that it was Admiral Boscawen who, from the circumstance above quoted, first used the term Bluestocking Society, and that a foreigner of distinction, hearing the expression translated it literally Bas-Bleu, by which name these meetings were ever after distinguished. But I think a yet more probable derivation of the term is given in a note to Hayward's "Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Thrale," upon, we are told, the authority of a daughter of Lady Grevill, who was one of the Bas-Bleu. When these assemblies were still in their infancy Mme. de Polignac. being in London, was invited to one of the breakfasts; she wore on the occasion a pair of blue stockings, which fashion was then all the rage in Paris, and thereupon her English friends, who, with all their learnings, adopted this color for their nether casings. It seems more probable that the name should have arisen from such a peculiarity of feminine costume, rather than from an accident of male eccentricity. John Timbs, in "Clubs and Club life," traces the Bas-Bleu back to ancient Greece; he also quotes Mill's "History of Chivalry," to show that there was established in Venice in the lifteenth century a literrary society that distinguished itself by its stockings, which were sometimes of blended colors and sometimes wholly blue. As the founders of the "Bluestockings," however, have left no rec ord of the origin of the term, the reader must take a choice among these several explanations.

> > Old-Silver Hunting in Bergen.

One of the most novel pleasures in Bergen is old-silver hunting. There are stops where old silver is to be old belts, rings, slides, buttons, brooches, spoons, of quaint and fantastic styles, some of them hundreds of years old. But the connoisseur in old-silver hunting will not confine his search for treasures to the large shops on the thoroughfares. He will roam the city, keeping a sharp eye for little boxes tucked up on walls of houses, far down narrow lanes and byways,-little boxes with glass sides, and a silver spoon or ing through. This is the sign that

children will be selling to English and American travelers as "old silver." The next century, however, will not gather such treasures as this one; there wealth of silver the old Norwegians wore; buckles and belts which are cloak, and rings under which nineteenth-century fingers, and even back we go the weightier become the ornaments. In the museum of Northera Antiquities in Copenhagen are necklaces of solid gold, which it seems certain that noble Norwegian women wore in King Olaf's time, -necklaces in shape of a single snake, coiled, so heavy that they are not easily lifted in one hand; bracelets, also of the same snake shape, which a modern wrist could not wear half an hour without

> American Pearls. New York Letter.

I met Bernhardt en Saturday at Tif any's choosing some keepsakes for perfons who had shown her kindness dur ing herstay here. She was greatly impressed with the size and magnificence of Tiffany,s shop. She happened to notice some American pearls from mussels of the Miami River, in Ohio, and her questions led to quite an interesting lecture upon the subject of American pearls by the gentleman detailed to conduct her through the acres of jewels and artistic wares. I never knew before that \$15. 000 worth of American pearls were bought every year by Tiffany & Co., most of them coming from California gulf, but others coming from all over the United States. The finest pearl ever seen in this country was found 20 years ago in a New Jersey fresh water mussel and sold for \$15,000, so the story goes, to the then Empress Eugenie by Tiffany & Co. By joining the throng of reporters who accompany Bernhardt with instructions never to let her out of their sight, I learn that even the best experts cannot tell good imitation pearls from real ones. Bernhardt examined the most expensive string of pearls ever brought to this country-60 pearls not one of which was valued at less than \$500-and remarked that she could not tell that string worth \$40,000, from an imitation set that she used on the stage and which was worth \$25, "No more can any one," said the courteous gentleman who led the cortege of feporters and sightseers who follwoed in the wake of the actress. The only way in which a real pearl can be told from an imitated one is by weight and by touch. Appearance, color, form and radiance have been perfectly imitated. The best judge in the country canuot tell a pearl worth \$500 from one worth \$5 at arm's length All the pearls in a ballroom might be talse without the best pearl expert suspecting it." Why, then, have any real pearls?" said Bernhardt, and the question is a natural one. If the imitation is as good as the real thing, and costs a hundred times less, why not wear imitation pearls? I am afraid that the candid admission of Tiffany's head man was not a good thing for the pearl business. Feeling of the Market.

arson City Appeal. "Guess I won't take in the school tolay," said a Carson urchin with an Apoal in his hand. "Why not?"

"Concordia has fallen off ten cents, and I don't dare to show up until it picks up again."

ordia got to do with your studies?"

"What have the fluctuations of Con-"A good deal," answered the boy. 'My teacher has a hundred shares of the stock, and when it falls off a few cents we all catch it heavy. I keep my eye on the list, and when there's a break you bet I don't go to school. I play sick. Golly! how she basted me the time Mount Diablo busted down to two dollars. When it was sellin' at twenty she was as good as pie. I was the first feller that got on to the break, and told the boys of my class that it she didn't sell there'd be the devil to pay. I heard Uncle Fraser say it was a good short, and I never slept a wink for a week. I grabbled the Appeal the first thing every morning, and when I saw her keel down to sixteen I skipped to the hills. Lord, how she did bang Johnny Dobson round that morning. I was in hopes that the blasted mine would pick up, but the water got in the lower levels, and I knew we were in for it. She licked somebody for every dollar it dropped. After it struck eight it picked up a little and we had time to get. My mother's been pacchin' my pants now ever since the big break in Sierra Nevada, and if the market don't take a bought in abundance and at dear prices; turn pretty soon I'm goin' to quit the public school and go to work on a ranch.

> A small daughter of a triend of ours who had been accustomed to the simplicity of the nursery table, when first allowed to take a meal with the family, was specially charmed with the mys-tery of the castor. After watching her tather peppering something, she passed her own plate, saying, politely: "Please put a little dirt on mine, too, papa." All things are admired, either because

they are new or because they are not

Pre-Historic Arizona.

Right where Prescott now stands can be traced the walls of an ancient city, and if we are to judge from the eighteen feet under water and the a counter in the front parlor, and a wearing down of mountains and the covering of earth that has almost hidden the buildings from being traced, we should say that many thousands of years have passed and gone since the people who once inhabited a prosperous city, where now stands Prescott, the most beautiful village in Arizona, took their departure or became extinct. That a large and flourishing city once existed here, there can be no doubt, as is no modern silver to compare with the the evidences are proof positive and ancient. It is marvelous to see what a deny contradiction. Very often relics are taken from excavations of great depth, and we are inclined to believe heavy, buttons which weigh down any that the former inhabitants of Arizons were a curious but a somewhat civilized race. Again, the geologist and anthumbs, would ache. And the farther tiquarian have a rich field for study in Arizona, for go where you may you are continually treading the homes and graves of a race of whom nothing is known, other than that they lived in houses and had large buildings of wor-

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